

DAILY GAZETTE

J. H. KOOCLE, Editor.

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 For Advertising rates apply to J. H. Koocle,
 Editor and Proprietor.

A Wish-Bone.
 He held one side and she the other;
 What did he wish? I could not tell;
 He pulled, she pulled, and then her mother
 Came for perchance "was just as well."
 For after it was passed he told me:
 His wish, a wish I should not name;
 Two for a kiss; a bird sang near me
 And told me he, it was the same.

A CROWD OF A THOUSAND.

How It Was Attracted by Pointing a Gun at a Mud-Covered Cabbage.

The other morning two gentlemen were looking out of window of a house on Market Street, when they observed a cabbage roll off a market wagon that was passing. Instantly over a dozen well-dressed and apparently save persons began yelling after the wagon as though the vegetable had been a gold watch or a thousand dollar bill. The driver stopped about half a square off, looked back at the cabbage, yawned, and drove on.

"What an absurd fuss people in the street make over trivial occurrences," said one of the gentlemen. "Now, I'll bet a silk hat that I could get a crowd of five hundred persons around that cabbage within thirty minutes, and yet not leave this room."

"I take the bet," said his friend. "Are you ready?" pulling out his watch.

"Yes; give the word."

"It is now eleven-thirty. Go!"

The proposer of the wager led his friend to the window, threw up the sash, and taking a cane pointed earnestly at the mud-covered cabbage with a terrified expression. Presently a hansom driver noticed the action and began to stare at the vegetable from the curbstone; then a boat hook stopped; then a bill-poster, a messenger-boy and a merchant.

"What's the matter?" inquired a German, approaching the innocent owner of his national dish.

"Don't touch it! Look out there! Stand back!" shouted the gentleman at the window. At his horror-stricken tones the crowd fell back precipitately and formed a dense circle around the innocent cabbage. Hundreds came running up and the excitement increased rapidly.

"Look out there!" frantically screamed the barker, waving the can, "take that dog away quick!"

Several stones were thrown at a car that was sniffing at the cabbage.

"Take care," said a car-driver to a policeman who was shouldering his way through the mass. "It's an internal machine, nitro-glycerine—or something!"

Meanwhile the sidewalk was blocked, the street became impassable, women screamed and ran into hives, and a storekeeper underneath began to tie a bucket on the end of a long pole with which to pour water on the devilish invention. The crowd by this time numbered over a thousand, and the two gentlemen moved away from the window and sat down. In a few moments there was a hurried tap at the door, and there appeared a man who had been sent as a delegate from the mass-meeting below.

"I should like to know, gentlemen, what the facts are," he said.

"What facts?"

"Why, what there is peculiar about that cabbage out there?"

"Nothing in the world," was the reply, "except that it seems to be surrounded by about a thousand of the biggest fools in town. Do anything else for you?"

The man reflected for a moment, said he "guessed not" and retired. Before he handed in his report, however, Capt. Short's watch had dispensed the mob and clubbed two hundred and seven persons for a raid in a disturbance.—*San Francisco Evening Post.*

The Trembler's kind of Corset.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says: "A new corset attracting attention at the shop of a leading manufacturer. It was like the original article except in one important particular. The breast was composed of a lattice work, this part of the structure covering two appearances in the otherwise starched corset, affording a loose support for what was to go within. This corset is in female slang called the 'Trembler,' and the name indicates its artful purpose. Worn over a dress waist that does not fit too tightly across the breast, it permits a little unrestraint to the flesh inside, and the effect is understood to be quite enchanting to the male observer. This kind of a corset has to be made carefully in order to obtain all its advantages, for it should be exactly adapted to the peculiarities of the wearer."

Man is D a mature beauty, happened to take a swallow of very hot tea while dining out the other day.

Her contortions and grimaces drew the attention of the whole table, and judge of the astonishment!

She had no eye-brows.

The steam of the tea had warmed the artificial substitute; they had fallen into her cup, and—she had swallowed them.

"I must have immediate satisfaction," cried D. to C. who had insulted him.

"A duel is against my principles," replied C.

"Apologize then, apologize!" exclaimed the enraged D.

"Well, give me time," returned C., "do you suppose that I carry a book of blank apologies?"

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